

ENGLANDS PRIDE,

A Friendly Exhortation to forsake that Sin so much in Request.

The Proud are God Almighty's Foes,
yet that Sin is too rife;

Tune is, Sefaution's Farewel.

But why should Sinners thus oppose
that God that gave them life.

Licensed according to Order.



Pride is a reigning Sin of this Nation,
and too much practis'd amongst us by Youth;
What can be a more high provocation,
than when we sin against knowledge and Truth?
Powdered Hair, young wantons they wear,
Their Shoulders and Bosoms are likewise laid bare;
All to Delude, Men to be Ruse,
Nay, happy they are if they get 'em in the mood.

Cry Blouse must have her fine Feather,
in her apparel most Richly array'd,
So that when they are walking together
the Officers cannot be known from the Guard.

Gillian, with Nan, they must have a Fan,
And twenty fine Knick-knacks they have to put on;
New Modes are found, all London round,
Sure Pride in young women did never more abound.

Cry Joan in Silks now will Ruse,
with flanting hoods, Laces, and Top-knots beside;
Till their Heads are as big as a Bushel.
Is not this a meer Monster of Pride?
Women for shame, now strive to Reclaim,
O fie I must tell you you're highly to blame,
Pride in ricals, makes your fame less,
Nothing speaks your praise like a Modest Girl's dress.

Their rich Robes with Sweets must be Scented,
and this they make all their study and care,
How new Fashions must still be invented,
because they do not know what they shall wear:
Pride they adore, spend Thousands and more,
But never a Penny will give to the Poor,
For this we know, where e're they go,
Their heads are so high that they cannot look so low.

Dives like, they are cloath'd in fine Linen;
and fare as sumptuous and dainty as he,
Though this is a most happy beginning,
they do not know what their ending may be:
Pride is a Sin, that most wallow in,
And daily committed agen, and agen:
Heaven may frown, bring your Pride down,
Remember this Ladies of London, London Town.

See how some will jett in their going,
as if that carriage was none of the worst.
While, alas! the poor Mortal not knowing,
how soon that Pride may be laid in the Dust:
Death will take place, in each painted face,
There's none can withstand him he will you embrace
In his cold Arms; then farewell Charms,
All Beauties now living must yield to Deaths alarms.

Are not some who once did adore you,
now laid asher in their Lodgings of Clay?
They are gone but a little before you,
and you must follow the very same way:
Instead of neat, new fashions compleat,
You must have a Shroud, or a poor winding-sheet:
This is your state, though ne'r so great,
Consider your folly before it is too late.

If that we a Blessing desire,
Should on this Nation amongst us appear,
Learn more Modesty in your Attire,
or else alas! we have reason to fear
Gods heavy hand, may punish this Land,
while in opposition against him you stand:
Therefore, I pray, this very day,
Let Top-knots and Towers be clearly cast away.

FINIS.

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